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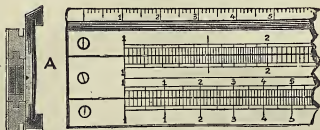
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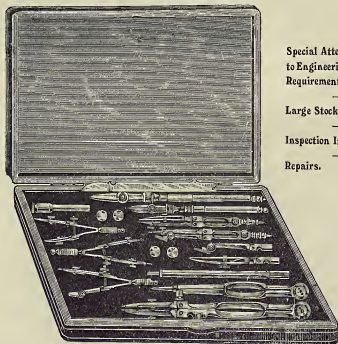
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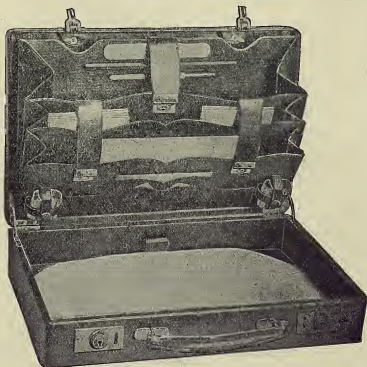
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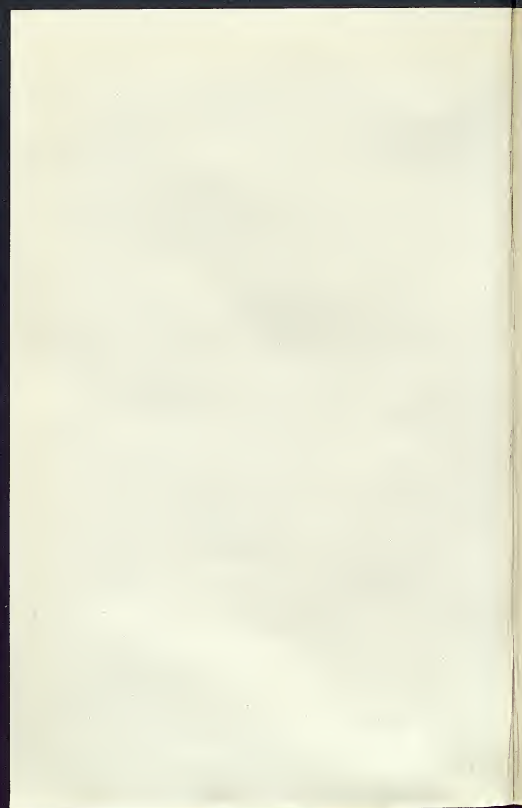
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[Southampton.

K. VICKERS, M.A., PRINCIPAL.



The Southampton University College Magazine

Vol. XXIII.

No. 56.

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Christmas Term, 1922.

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All contributions for the next number should be addressed to the EDITOR, and should be signed. Articles are printed, either under any selected pseudonym, or under the initials of the writer.

All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS or SUBSCRIPTIONS should be Addressed to the SECRETARY of the Magazine, University College, Southampton.

The Southampton University College Magazine.

EDITORIAL.

It is our duty and privilege on opening the first magazine for this session to welcome Professor Vickers as our new Principal. We feel sure that his presence with us will be most beneficial. Already he has promoted among the students a spirit of comradeship and devotion, which we trust will remain as long as there is a University College or a University in Southampton. We should like to take this opportunity of thanking the Principal for the splendid way in which he has made all of us, and in particular the freshers, feel "at home." Never, we think, has there been such a feeling of unity and common interest in the College. And this, after all, is the only thing that matters. United, the College will live to be a force to be reckoned with—without unity the College life will be empty and of no avail.

It is not for us, however, to write at length on all that Professor Vickers has accomplished here. We urge all members of U.C.S. to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the Principal's inspiring message to the students, which we are privileged to print in this issue of the magazine.

To the "freshers" we extend the warmest of welcomes. May they never grow less, and may they have the best possible time while they are here. We append the lines of welcome of one who was a fresher last year.

S. H. W.

LINES TO THE FRESHERS.

Welcome all you freshers! Glad we are to see
You rolling up in numbers to the S.U.C.!
We Seniors hope you'll all enjoy this first and best of terms,
But don't for heaven's sake be slackers, else you'll feel
just worms
When Terminals come on—but, there, we do not mean to
preach,
Quite otherwise, we want to give a helping hand to each.
Join in all the Coll. affairs, make its life your own;
Just think it's Unity that counts; no one should stand alone.
Roll up and do your best at lecs., debates and soirées, too,
Likewise support the Room I meetings of our strong C.U.
(And don't forget there's daily dancing in that room till 2).
Guard the College spirit that's spreading in this land;
Enshrine Coll. in your heart's deep core, and ever let it stand
For all that's beautiful in life, all that's truly grand.

**PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE TO THE STUDENTS.**

It gives me great pleasure to accept the invitation of the Editor to write a few words of greeting to the students of the College.

I should like to say in the first place how grateful I am for the real kindness of the welcome that I have received on all hands, and how much I appreciate the spirit of good fellowship and earnest endeavour that permeates the College.

I feel that the Universities and University Colleges of England have a great future before them, and that this great future lies very largely in the hands of the students. It is a very great thing to have the opportunity of a University education, and by that I do not mean only the training in Scholarship which is the basis of the whole thing, but also the chance of learning those many lessons which can only be assimilated by the free and yet organized life of a University Institution. I feel that we in Southampton must all realize that we have a great ideal at which to aim. We must look forward to the time when the present University College becomes the centre of a great University, and we must all and each in our own way contribute something to the building up of the University ideal.

There is a great deal to be done before we can feel that our goal is reached. Our buildings will have to be expanded, the facilities for all the various activities of the College increased. But a University is by no means all buildings and equipment, it is, indeed, possible to have these in splendid form, and yet to lack the very essentials of University life. A University is a thing of the spirit, and we must all strive our utmost to develop that spirit in this place ever more and more. If our ideals are the right ones we should look on ourselves as missionaries in a great cause, the cause of University education, and by our actions we should prove it to be the great asset which gives distinction both in mind and spirit, and makes better citizens of all who have received it.

I would, therefore, ask every individual student of this College to remember that everything that he or she does has a bearing not only on themselves, but also upon fellow-students and upon the reputation of the institution of which they have the honour to be members. I would further ask all and every to do their utmost to hand on the traditions which they have received from the past, strengthened, widened and improved, so that each generation as it comes into residence, may feel a debt of gratitude to its predecessors, and realize its responsibility to its successors.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

The College acknowledges with thanks the receipt of magazines for last summer term from the following Colleges : Reading, Chester, Sarisbury Court, and the " Vincula," of London University.

We were sorry to say goodbye to all those members of the Staff who left us last term, and wish them every success in their future work. We extend a hearty welcome to all new members of the Staff.

Our deepest sympathy is offered to the parents and friends of Mr. Vine, whose death took place last term in such tragic circumstances.

The students wish the Senate and its colleagues every success in their College Appeal Fund. We hope that, if

sufficient money be obtained, our ideal of having a building large enough for the Wessex University may be realized.

Our very best wishes for success in whatever they may undertake are sent to those who have just gone down. May they always keep in touch with their old College and its motto, "Strenuis Ardua Cedunt."



STUDENTS' COUNCIL, 1922-23.

President—Mr. D. Coles. Vice-President—Miss Mansergh
Secretary—Mr. J. C. Carroll.

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(Women) Miss Price.	(Men) Mr. MacWhinniee.
Miss Absolom.	Mr. Watson (S.S.H.).
	Mr. Pearson (P.T.).
	J. C. C.



QUOTATIONS APROPOS.

Like a melancholy malcontent.

Mr. B-l-y.

Her talents were of the silent order.

Miss Cl-t-mn.

I thus neglecting worldly ends,
All dedicated myself to closeness
And the bettering of my mind.

Dr. H-rr-cks.

Hear you this Triton of the minnows!

Mark you, his absolute "shall"!

Mr. B-ss-n.

A gentle knight was pricking on the plain.

Mr. F-rs-y.

To him the sounding jargon of the schools
Seems what it is—a cap and bells for fools.

Prof. M-rg-l-th.

The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love.

Miss M-nns.

Whoever loved that loved not at first sight?

The two P's.

But yet I'll make assurance doubly sure.

Mr. Cr---w-f-rd.

In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For even though vanquished he could argue still.

Prof. Lytt-l.

Oh, bed! Oh, bed! Delicious bed!

Miss K. F-c-y.

I'll tell you that which you yourselves do know.

Psychology Secs.

They stretch in never ending line.

Men's Q. in Refec.

Sulphurous to nitrous foam
They found, they mingled and with subtle art
Concocted and adjusted, they reduced
To blackest grain.

Chemistry Lab.

He never came a wink too soon.

Mr. K-l-y for Nunn.

Tell me where is fancy bre(a)d?

Refec., 11.0 a.m.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play.

P.T. Squad.

The presence of these young women, many of them
most attractive, flitting up and down in their gowns is
most distressing.

Mr. Wr-g-t.

The happiest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent among the lasses!

Mr. C-l-s.



LAPSUS LINGUAE.

MR. D-DL-Y.

The zoologist gathered round the animal in spectacles.

MISS V. F--C--Y.

I wonder why we have all these creen glocks.

PROFESSOR C--K.

It is gone past the time for speen fooding.

MISS ST--UT.

I can't manipulate my feet.

MISS V. M-CK-TH.

He's the son of the Editress of the "Morning Post"—
you know she's a woman.

MRS. GR--N.

Correct me if I'm right.

PROF. MANG-M.

We now have a ring with five points.

PROF. M--G--M.

We now carefully dry this drop of water.

MR. P-T-N.

You have all seen a silver coin!



THE DREAM WOOD.

"We wandered thro' the Pine Forest
That skirts the Ocean's foam.
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home."

Shelley's words in "The Recollection" came to my mind as I stood alone on the threshold of a great forest of pine trees, which seemed to stretch away as far as eye could follow and end in nothingness. As I stood there, and the words of the poet were fresh in my mind, it seemed to me that I beheld a vision of all the most wonderful, awe-inspiring things I had ever seen. I thought of the interior of a great cathedral, and I knew that somehow within the heart of the silent tomb-like wood dwelt a mystery which equalled the mystery of the Altar of God. I looked back, and over the glistening roads, past meadows and calm stretches of country, and I saw the sun dyeing the sky with the blood-red of the coming death of day. I looked again into the wood, and the light of that flame seemed to dwell in my heart. And I went in! As I moved slowly through the labyrinth of silence and majesty, it seemed to me that the very trees were alive, and were sending me messages from the past. Fantastic dreams,

half-forgotten stories flashed through my mind. Suddenly fairyland was a reality to me—Robin Hood, Prince Arthur, fairies, satyrs, passed like phantoms through the wilderness of my thoughts. The mocking laugh of Puck seemed to ring in my ears. I knew then that this was the wood of Enchantment (perhaps the very one Barry wrote about in "Dear Brutus"), and I was glad, for the mystic charm of it had laid a spell upon my soul. And then "the caravan passed out of the dawn of nothingness"—there was a glimmer of light, and a strange unreasoning fear seized me, for the wood was soft and sweet and tremulous, and the life of the world had seemed a thing apart. I was a spirit, seeing myself a mortal. But the white road glistening in the distance and the whirr of a motor-cycle reminded me of the cities where fairyland exists only in dreams.

I turned and gave one last look at the wood—and the glow of the sun seemed reflected on the trees so that they shone—and I thanked God in my heart because it was all so beautiful. But with the thanksgiving there came the sadness of all lovely things. The vision faded, and I passed out again into the world of Reality.

"A DREAMER."



THE PSALM OF (SECOND YEAR NORMAL) LIFE.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
I am down to teach a "crit,"
Though conative impulse slumbers,
These cognitions waken it.

Times are past when youth and maiden
To a job could turn their eyes,
Just because with knowledge laden.
Now, they must psychologize.

Works of T.P. Nunn remind us
We must train our hormic self,
Or, when leaving Coll. behind us,
Find ourselves upon the shelf.

In the "Practice of Instruction"
We can learn when courage droops,
That the process of Induction
Is the stuff to give the troops.

"Lecs." are long, and notes are fleeting;
And refecs. are not our goal;
Let us read what Mr. Keatinge
Has to say about the Soul.

Turn we then from games of Beaver,
Dances, rags, and kindred vice;
Which "Behaviour," Dr. Drever
Says distinctly, cuts no ice.

Let us read our little booklets,
Learn to pick our little steps
Over Method's little brooklets,
Till we make ourselves adepts.

When for mighty themes we're lusting,
Let us note with reverent eyes
Simple subjects such as "Dusting,"
Favoured by the truly wise.

Maths. are real, maths. are drastic,
Do not then the tutor vex.
Men—like worms—will turn sarcastic
If we come in late for 'lecs.'

And from one with figure ample,
When the interest seems to fail,
We can learn by good example
How to tell the simple tale.

Trust that June's examinations
Find us sober, primed, and fit,
To go down with reputations
Vouched for by certificate.

H. W. TALLBOY.

FAITH.

Our faith just wide enough
 On which to lie and sleep ;
 About us infinitely high and infinitely deep
 Is an abyss of nothing.

In childhood's day
 We are content with this ;
 The wild flowers growing by the way
 Gives us our fill of bliss.

In later years
 We learn to look above us at the sky,
 And then beyond the precipice's edge ;
 And first in wonder, then in fear we cry,
 And closer cling unto our faith—our ledge.

Then grown in strength we look again to find
 What lies above it and beyond it all.
 With stumbling steps we try to scale the wall,
 Leaving the safety of our ledge behind,
 Put one foot out into eternity.

Wearied of fetters, striving to be free,
 We fret and worry at our narrow life,
 Leaving our childhood's cradle, we would fly
 But all when old and weary of the strife
 Return unto our ledge—our faith—to die. ANON.

**A SEA-CHANT.**

Far down in Cornwall the breakers are calling,
 Crashing in thunder and feathery spray ;
 Caverns resound with the noise of their brawling,
 White horses seethe in the moonlight-drenched bay.
 Tossing their proud crests, the steeds eye the shingle,
 Rhythmically heaving they ride on the deep ;
 Frothing and hissing their foamy manes mingle,
 Relentlessly onward they gallop and leap.
 Poised for a second their crests catch the argent
 Of moon-rays soft glinting on beach, crag, and torr.
 Then, suddenly curving, they crash on the margent,
 And vent all their might in a thunderous roar
 The Atlantic's grand music ! Within my heart surging,
 Stirring the depths of my Lethe-steeped soul,
 Chant, O wild sea-steeds ! I need all your urging.
 Inspire me, crest-borne, to my star-yearning goal. V.

THE SPRING OF TRUTH.

Are ye brothers in a quest,
 O dwellers on the Earth?
 Seek ye the limpid spring of Truth,
 The place that gives it birth?
 Many have sought but few have found
 Its water clear and bright:
 Few have drunk of the crystal spring,
 Whose dwelling place is light.

Ye will not find if ye stay below
 In places drear and dark.
 Lift your eyes, then, to the hills,
 High as the soaring lark.
 Follow the path that leads to the crest,
 Though it be rough and bare.
 Heed not the toil, ye shall rest at the spring,
 And drink of the waters there.

Then shall ye know that God is Truth.
 In His heart wells the spring
 Whence all thoughts that are clear and bright
 Flow, and, flowing, bring
 To those who seek the sacred fount,
 And drink of the waters bright,
 Divine content, o'erflowing love,
 And His Eternal Light.

ANGUS BLAIR.



A ROMANCE OF ROOM I.

The confused sound of many voices, the jangle-jangle of a piano, the weird shriek of a violin! What can it be? The youth tall, timid, handsome; and—shall we say—"Green" pauses in the corridor to listen! He has just dined sumptuously off some rather tough curry and bread-and-butter pudding; and his heart is heavy within him! A longing for some new and wonderful experience is on him! He can hear birds singing sweet melodies through the open (and rather draughty) window, and the words of Tennyson suddenly come to his mind:—

"In the spring a young man's fancy
 Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

The youth turns down his collar, smooths his tie, surreptitiously glances into the glass of an adjoining notice-board, and stalks forward! As he approaches the sounds grow clearer! Voices are raised, not in altercation—nay—in friendly mirth. Piano and violin struggle bravely to outdo each other. There is the rhythmical sound of many feet. "On with the dance: let joy be unconfined!" The tapping of many light-heeled slippers; the bumping of many heavy-toed boots.

The youth swallows quickly, puts a shaking hand upon the handle and opens the door! What a sight meets his eye, dimmed with emotion and nervousness! A capacious compartment! Walls of cerulean-wash reflecting on the upturned faces of many blissful gyrators! Hot and happy they smile on, and only an occasional smothered groan betokens the sudden contact of toe with toe, or the blow of a hob-nailed boot upon a luckless victim!

But the boy stands transfixed! Forgotten are curry and bread-and-butter pudding! Truly the heart of youth is blessed! One image alone is there imprinted—for "one moment in Annihilation's waste." Again the words of the poet are illustrated, for "Whoever loved that loved not at first sight?"

A maiden—a maiden of wondrous beauty, "clad in the beauty of a thousand stars"—is pirouetting gaily in the centre of the room with a stalwart, black-haired (bloated, thinks the boy) youth. Ye gods! 'Tis a sight, this! Gaze on, oh, young Apollo!

The music stops! The dancers stop! The boy's heart leaps and nearly stops! His second day at College, and already! already! A sudden blow in the middle of the back reminds him of his close proximity to the door, and the fact that someone seeks forcible entry!

He blushes faintly beneath his tan (rugged out-of-doors!), and sits down to recover his composure. Ah! What is that strain? "The Sheik of Araby." Gently the melody floats to him on the breeze, pungently, mysteriously, wonderfully. Eastern! He listens entranced! Then, "like another Priam, he goes to fire another Troy." But what is that? Truly the Fates are cruel to him to-day! He has stretched his length upon the floor with great and undignified precision, and his suit (bran-new) is covered

with sticky white! But "omnia vincit amor," as he a Latin scholar knows! He looks quickly round, rises precipitately, over-turning in his haste a couple unconsciously, one stepping towards him, and retires, unabashed, to realize that she—the goddess—is dancing—yes, with that Mountebank! A terrible longing to fill the room with his imprecations is nobly stifled by the gallant youth! "Where gottest thou that goose look?" Truly a noble epithet! To his distorted fancy a look of idiotic joy is on the bloated partner's face. (Is he thinking of the Satis he had for English this morning?) But the girl—yea, verily she is a goddess (though, perforce, not a clever one!) A bell tinkles softly! The youth, fresh and innocent to the wild and worthy ways of College wonders! But nothing happens! Then he rises, laboriously makes his way across the gleaming floor, and claims the goddess as his partner. And thus, oh, indices, it began!

An old, old story! Yes, older than that even!

But what follows?

Ah! That's another! There are rumours of many soirées, of theatre visits, of pictures, of meetings in the corridor.

And so we go on, so we go on,

So we go on, and on, and on! A. M. M.



THE MAGIC CARPET.

"Carpets fly down from the skies, you know,"

Said little Catherine, perched on my knee.

The arch little flower-face dimpled with glee,

Seeing perplexity's frown on my brow.

"You're thinking of stories of far away lands,

That one I was telling you yesterday

Of the magic carpet" She clapped her gay hands.

"We've never seen it, altho' people say—"

"Oh, but we have," cried Catherine, and smiled.

"To-day, as we came thro' the wood after tea . . .

(I guessed it at last. Was there e'er such a child?)

A soft brown-gold carpet the trees spread for me.

Do you see how it's true (ah, yes, seer-like eyes),

That our magic carpets fly down from the skies?" V.

THE COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

On my first appearance in College as a "fresher," together with innumerable others of my tribe, I was confronted by an awe-inspiring student, who demanded instant payment of a certain composition fee, for purpose which were apparently shrouded in the darkest mystery. Since that occasion many fruitless efforts have been made to solve the problem of the missing monies, until at last some inspired seekers after truth besought the far-off dignitaries of the Students' Council to publish a parchment bearing inscribed on it an account of the various ways in which gold and silver had been drawn from their coffers during the past year.

Since this memorable day, it has been discovered and spread abroad that the College possesses societies and committees in astonishing numbers. Those who are interested in drama and rhetoric will, undoubtedly, have been delighted to hear of the existence of a Dramatic Society (which will, it is hoped, be inspired to produce a masterpiece in ample time for the happy day when the College becomes the University of Wessex), and of a Debating Society, which has the double merit of exercising the eloquence of the male section, and of providing an occasional counter-attraction to the charms of music in Room One.* Then, it seems, we are also indebted to the before-mentioned Council for providing magnificent facilities for football, hockey, and net ball; indeed, occasionally, even those who admire from afar are charmed by news of the results achieved by the teams representing the College. Of the existence of an efficient Magazine Committee we have long been aware, while the Christian union has decided tendencies to speak for itself.

The lighter side of College life requires but brief recommendation. All "freshers" must have discovered that Welcome Soirées are organised at the beginning of each session by a kindly foster-parent in the shape of a Soirée Committee, professing the entirely laudable purpose of introducing junior to senior students. (It may be due to the excessive size of the Pier Pavilion that the object appears to fail.)

* All Women Freshers please note.—EDITOR.

It is to be hoped that the future years may produce more whole-hearted co-operation in play as well as in work in order to give greater significance to our motto:—

"Strenuis Ardua Cedunt."

D. A. H.



PARADISE WELL LOST, or THE GREAT CUP-FINAL OF 1930.

(As told by an Engineer.)

See how they come, the mighty, eager crowd,
To view the great Cup-final, now to be fought
'Twixt Arts and Engineers. Who now shall gain
The laurels of that fascinating game
Of pencil-football? Which Faculty shall say,
"To us belong the champion?" Ah! Prince of Sports,
And mighty offspring of the fertile brain
Of some forgotten Engineer of yore,
We come to do thee honour, though first but played
On humble drawing-boards with pence and farthings
Between the lecs., in hasty minutes snatched
From grudging lecturers and angry profs.,
How thou hast flourish'd! Now art thou fought
With silver coins on tables well chalked-out,
With referees, and goalposts made of pins.

So now the field for battle is prepared,
And the spectators eagerly press round
And urge the start. Students of every sort
Are there to see the fight and cheer and chair
The victor. The chosen of the Engineers
From out his pocket draws his "Koh-i-noor"
(Proverbial weapon of his wealthy kind),
While his opponent, less endowed by fortune,
Draws forth his humble "Rowney." Each then brings out
(Inexplicable fact) a half-a-crown,
While the long-suffering referee provides
A sixpence for a ball. At last they're off!
Excitement holds the palpitating hearts
Of those around, for well 'tis known by all
In Cup-ties 'tis th' invariable rule
A goal decides the match. Cannon and screw

Are made with great precision, but at last
 The Engineer a faulty clearance makes.
 But all is well : the other fails to take
 The glorious chance his rival offered him,
 And, pipe in mouth, while bending to his work,
 Disgusted at his slip, sprinkles the table
 With hot tobacco-ash and hotter words.
 The ball's away ! The Engineer goes down
 With many a scientific kick, and soon,
 The sixpence at his feet, he is arrived
 Before the Artsman's citadel (or goal).
 His kick it is—th' opponent can do nought.
 He shoots ! He scores ! The game is lost and won !
 Enthusiasm reigns ; the victor's cheered ;
 The victor's chaired ; the Arts man steals away
 (Perchance to drown his sorrow in his cups,
 When now the Cup is lost), and no one cares,
 Nor spares a thought where he may hide his head,
 When eager to congratulate the victor.

But he alone, while held up shoulder high,
 Yea, he alone thinks of his vanquished foe !
 He struggles to be free ; they hold him tight,
 And praise the modest man. Aloud he calls,
 Angry and yet more angry, at last he's heard
 Above the din of that excited mob.
 They set him free. " Of what avail," he cries,
 " Of what avail that I have won this Cup ?
 " That I have won this empty, phantom Cup ?
 " This phantom Cup, existing but in name ?
 " What use the empty honours gained thereby ?
 " Why did you not prevent him ? Why let him go ?
 " You cheered ! You chaired ! But, oh ! you did not see
 " That smart Arts ' wallah ' pinch my half-a-crown ! "

BARGER.



APPRECIATION.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (Mendelssohn).

Almost imperceptibly there comes a stealing sense of drowsiness in the air as the twilight approaches. One becomes poignantly conscious of " the sadness of a summer's

evening." Even the birds have ceased their warbling—perhaps a little abruptly—with the exception of a solitary swallow, which performs a few reckless circuits before nestling down to rest.

The nocturnal curtain has fallen lightly, indeed, but it is intensifying invisibly. With no definite beginning, too, a new sound is heard on the night air, a kind of restrained humming. Listen! What is it? Just countless forms of insignificant insects!—crickets, gnats, and beetles, the croak of frogs, the "tu-whit," "tu-whit" of a passing owl. The air is on fire with music. One is spell-bound. Puck and his fairies are afoot. Nature itself is enacting a "Midsummer Night's Dream."

H. H.



NOVEMBER 11th, 1922.

A light breeze stirs the dying breeze on the trees, making them flutter down in golden showers. Calm and sunshiny dawns the day of remembrance for our glorious dead.

Our glorious dead—three solemn words thrilling with a nation's pride and sorrow. To-day we commemorate not only those who died in the Great War, but the forgotten army of those who have given their lives in the service of their country throughout the history of the Empire.

Just before the appointed hour, a strange hush falls, as if the world is listening intently. The signal comes with startling clearness, and the universal silence has commenced. Nature above is unshushed, a bird twitters in the branches, a squirrel continues his search for nuts among the fallen leaves. These are sacred moments of proud thanksgiving, an acknowledgment that our dead are "a pulse in the eternal mind."

R.

OUR LATEST AND GREATEST !**THE PURPLE DAHLIA.—By AURENGZEBE.**

Jeanne Yallop sped away over the hills, scarcely caring where her horse took her as she puzzled over the morning's happenings. The questions which constantly forced themselves to her mind seemed to grow more puzzling every moment. "Why had her father recoiled and grown pale at the sight of his parcel? Why had he hurried from the room? Jeanne could not guess!! Soon after he had gone, Jeanne had found him in his study, the wrappings from his mysterious parcel about him. In his hand he had held a purple dahlia. She had spoken to him, but he did not answer. A little later he had gone from the house.

* * * *

While Jeanne rode on, her father had driven to the station and taken train for the city. Arrived there, he had walked in frenzied haste through many streets—which gradually grew narrower and more mean. He stifled his impulse to hail a taxi—and, indeed, a taxi would have been a strange sight to the dwellers in the vicinity of his destination. At a small shop, in which dingy vegetables and faded flowers made a poor attempt at brightening the sordid surroundings, Mr. Yallop stopped. A wizened old man was in charge of the shop, and he asked apathetically what he could do for his customer. Mr. Yallop looked enquiringly among the faded flowers in the shop, and in as natural a voice as he could muster, he asked if he could have some purple dahlias. Immediately the apathy of the old man was gone. A smile of evil triumph overspread his countenance, and he indicated a small door, and ushered his customer through. The room in which Mr. Yallop found himself was surprisingly luxurious. It was brilliantly lighted, and was furnished in Oriental style. The vivid curtains and cushions were alike in this, that they had purple dahlias painted in the middle of each of them.

* * * *

Meanwhile, Jeanne rode on, wrapped in thought, until she was brought to a sudden realisation of imminent danger by the whining of her horse. She had unknowingly ridden on until she was on the very brink of a ravine, at the bottom of which was a tumultuous stream. The rush of water beneath her, the desolation of her surroundings, a sudden fear that she would not be able to find her way back, even if she would lead her horse from its perilous

position, reduced the girl to a state of acute misery. Suddenly the misery changed to absolute terror, for soft, careful footsteps could be heard. Jeanne looked wildly around, and the sight which met her eyes caused her to shriek wildly, and fall in a swoon at the side of her terrified steed !!!

* * * *

What had frightened Jeanne? Did she recover from her experience? What was the secret of the Purple Dahlia?

[For the rest of this stunning serial, see the next issue of the Magazine. Order early, and avoid the rush!]

[STOP PRESS.—We regret to announce that since completing the first instalment of this serial, the author has, unfortunately, seen fit to terminate his existence in this world. We understand that the violent emotion produced by his own fiction has caused heart failure. However,—“De mortuis nil nisi bonum!”—ED.]

THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Exactly what made Miss P. keen on the Russians,
And what woman-student will throw about cushions?
What students reach Stoneham about half-past nine,
And enjoy a gay wander till it's just time to dine?
What "Jolly Waggoner" has hair like strong thatch,
And who gets his socks' eyes and neck-ware to match?
Whose hair is invariably smarmed down and sleek,
Who boasts of her thirty-four lectures a week?
Who wears a sulphurous jumper-like thing,
Like a number of holes tied together with string?
Who sports a jacket whose hue is so red,
Reminds one of Tiger (as Blake would have said)?
And who was it mended a lecturer's gown,
The sleeve of which splintered full ten inches down?
What girl-student simply lives in her gown,
And who is the "strong, silent man" with the frown?
When others say "present," who is it shouts "Sir"?
What Lecturer speaks with a quaint little burr?
And if a Lecturer thinks it is "done"
To mislay his afternoon students for Nunn?
Now "Broad Rumour" has it that all these are true,
Exactly—and who feels it most, others or you?

CRITIC.

COLLEGE NEWS.

CHRISTIAN UNION, SWANWICK.

Where is Swanwick? Is it that there place where they grow strar-berries?

No, it's an estate in Derbyshire, which is bagged by the Student Christian Movement for two Student Conferences every year.

The Hayes! What's that? Why, it's the name of the estate where you are going to live for a week with about seven hundred people from every country under the sun. If you are a man, you live under canvas; or if the fair sex, you'll hang out in the house. The things to see and hear at Swanwick are like the people you see and hear—many and varied. In the mornings you'll discuss Philosophy, Science, or History, according to your bent, and in the afternoons you'll play tennis or go down a coal mine (Swanwick is an oasis on the borders of the Black Country). Then in the evening there are lectures, coffee, sing-songs, after which you exchange ideas with a student from China or Czecho-Slovakia while roaming in the grounds munching chocs. beneath the stars.

Have you heard of Maud Royden? If you go to Swanwick you will probably see her or even talk to her. "Woodbine Willy," Canon Streeter (Limericks while you wait), Maxwell Hysslop (Oxford Rugger captain). They're all there. Well—

"Then come to Swanwick, all of you, all of you,
As all good, thinking students ought to do, ought to do,
And give three cheers for Hostel and for camp,
And never mind the weather when it's damp, damp, damp."

A. M. M.



LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

Unfavourable circumstances made an early start this term impossible, so that the success which accompanied the attempt to inaugurate a series of dinner-hour debates was particularly gratifying.

November 10th.—Mr. J. M. Wright introduced the Bill, "That the Labour policy is justifiable," before a well-attended House. Mr. P. B. Ferguson was the speaker for the opposition. After an interesting discussion a vote was taken, the result being as follows :—For, 64 ; against, 57. The Bill was therefore carried by a majority of seven.

November 17th.—Mr. A. C. Joyce introduced the Bill, "That it is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all," before a crowded House. He was ably supported by Miss Norris. Mr. J. M. Wright, seconded by Miss V. Truscott, led the opposition. The voting showed an overwhelming majority for the motion, the Bill therefore being carried.

* * * *

So far splendid support has been given to the Literary and Debating Society, and the Committee sincerely hope that the present interest will not slacken. Next term longer evening-debates will be discussed ; and, provided the College gives adequate support, there is no reason to doubt that the present Society will fully sustain the traditions of those of former years.

A. D. P.

M. C. R. NOTES.

This particular and popular container of College brains is in a flourishing condition. The Welcome Smoker proved to be a "good 'un," and the inventive and organising genius of certain seniors, coupled with a general sporty spirit among the juniors, led to a very pleasant evening. Mr. Tanley is to be congratulated on the way he "takes it down" (but doesn't keep it there), and we look to Senator Rugg to fulfil his election promises to his colleagues.

Many requests have been made for a "Rag." Now, look here ! When we "rag," we'll have one worth having, and our object will be as follows :—"That the Coll. may be widely advertised as a collection of people who believe in jolly good fun, and plenty of it, BUT who don't act like 'Colney-Hatch-ites,' not knowing when to stop."

In conclusion, greetings from one end of the corridor to the other, and a successful year in sport and work to both.

J. A. C.

PHYZZ.

The Welcome "Phyzz" was held at Avenue Hall on Saturday, October 14th.

A person who has never been to a Phyzz has missed one of the many delights of Coll. life. There is an inexpressible feeling of utter abandon when casting aside academic costume and donning a tunic: one also alters one's coiffure, so that there is no longer any fear of disastrous events. Anyone dances with anybody else, whether you know her name or not, and if you can't dance it's all the better fun.

The different hostels provided us with much fun during the intervals. Thus we were suddenly transported into Central Africa (or was it India?), and our suspicions about some people's vocal capacities were confirmed—in short, we witnessed scenes which gave us nightmare for a week. Everyone watched with open eyes the rendering of "Romeo and Juliet," à la College. We sincerely hope that this is not a true portrayal of life in a certain hostel.* We are glad to report that at this Phyzz no trays were damaged, although they were used for more than one purpose.

We hope to repeat "the crowded hour of glorious life" early next term—maybe in different costume. The Committee wish to thank all those who helped in any way at all.

D. H. A.

**CHORAL NOTES.**

(A NEGLECTED CHORAL FORM.)

There is no period of British music so worthy of the attention of British choral societies, nor is there one which they have neglected more than the Madrigal Period. It is difficult to find a reason for this; the only valid objection against the Madrigal is that its words are sometimes not of the highest literary order; but people who will sing the words, "I'm for ever blowing bubbles," for the sake of a "catchy" tune (and they are many) cannot consistently object to the Madrigal for this reason.

* We hope not, too.—EDITOR.

"Ha, the Madrigal. Yes, it was composed at a time when composers were soaked in that stodgy stuff called academic counterpoint. I don't want to sing counterpoint exercises. I want something more modern." Such I imagine the reply of a person ignorant of madrigals, and whose only knowledge of the Madrigal Period rests on the history book when broached on the question of singing madrigals. But there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in this philosophy. Counterpoint these madrigals certainly are, but so are all part-songs worthy of the name; so are all the choral compositions of Bach, Handel, Mozart, Elgar, and Stanford; and so will all music always be, for counterpoint is the art of welding beautiful melodies into one beautiful whole.

In harmony, the ancient madrigalists are very modern. Some of the progressions to be found in their works seem novel even to-day; in those days they must have made many a learned head shake, and many a learned hand feel for a blue pencil.

With the idea of enriching their enjoyment and deepening their understanding of these works, the Choral Society this year are making madrigals their staple musical food.

S.



HOSTEL NOTES.

HIGHFIELD HALL.

Many of the Seniors of 1921-22 having departed to the wider and higher (?) spheres of life, we, who are left, hope to maintain the traditions of Highfield Hall with the aid of the Juniors who have just come into our midst. To these we extend a hearty welcome, and hope that they will get the very best out of College and Hostel life. We should also like to welcome the South Hill students who have been transferred to this hostel.

Owing to the fact that one poor unfortunate contracted measles, we have been placed in semi-quarantine, and as a result all doors have been closed to visitors. This period has been passed in such intellectual (!!) pursuits as debates, mock-trials, etc.

At the very beginning of term we managed to arrange a Welcome Concert for the Juniors, to which South Hill and Y.W.C.A. students were invited. We spent a very pleasant evening, and discovered much latent talent.

In the near future, when we will once more be freed citizens, we purpose holding a Whist Drive.

M. J.



"Y" NOTES.

The most enjoyable Social Evening spent during the term was on the occasion of the visit to Highfield Hall on October 21st. The entertainment provided was excellent, and, incidentally, so were the refreshments!!

Unfortunately, the "Y's" Social Evening was unavoidably postponed.

The Shakespearian Society flourishes—the balcony furnishing admirable opportunity for dramatic force.

Owing to the demise of the piano, the Choral Society has been reluctantly abandoned, and a less refined Orchestral Society has been substituted.

The formation of a Magazine Club* has been the means of making a "right use of leisure," and has helped considerably in our debates and impromptu speeches.

Our Study Circle on Sunday afternoons is well attended, and provides interesting and helpful discussions.

M. P.



SOUTH HILL.

Since the beginning of this session very little has occurred to disturb the "even tenour of our way" at South Hill. The term began with a fortnight's school-practice, followed by the advent of twelve freshers, who very soon adapted themselves to their new surroundings.

[* Let's hear from them, then.—EDITOR.]

We are pleased to report that an excellent beginning was made on the morning following their arrival, when they assembled en masse at 7 a.m. for private study, but we regret that the practice has since been discontinued.

On Saturday, October 21st, Miss Aubrey and the students of Highfield Hall gave us a dramatic entertainment, which we thoroughly enjoyed.

A Social Evening was arranged for November 4th, when several sketches, including a "Grand Guignol" play, were presented. We were very pleased to see Mrs. Green and Miss Steel with us. We hope to end the term with a performance by the S.H.D.S.

B. D.



SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.

About the same number of "Freshers" entered the House this year as those who formed the nucleus of the Hostel twelve months before. We, as Seniors, extend a hearty welcome to them which took the form of a "Smoker," and we showed them that 'ostel was not just a place to "swot" in, but also the scene of many other kinds of activity!

To make room for the Juniors, some of the Seniors moved into the annexe. From the outside this building somewhat resembles an army hut, in fact it might even be mistaken for such—till you get inside!

South Stoneham House now possesses a Concert Party, which gave amongst other performances a very successful Concert at the Swaythling Golf Club in aid of St. Dunstan's. The audience was not large, but it was thoroughly appreciative. Although 'ostelites would have been familiar with the programme, the rendering of the items to a fresh audience roused the performers to excellent form.

Through the agency of S.S.H., a second football match had been arranged with the Havre Athletic Club, and an XI of College and Hostel men left on Friday, November 24th, for France. At the time the Mag. went to print we did not know the result of the match, but we felt sure that the H.A.C. had a tough nut to crack in the English XI.

B. M. H.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

At the end of last season the general feeling of those interested in the game was that the team was in a bad way. But by the influx of some few Rugger players, and the more or less forcible conversion of a still smaller number of erstwhile Soccer enthusiasts, a XV has been raised after all.

It must be candidly admitted that only a small percentage of Coll. men take an active interest in the game, but there is nothing equivocal in the enthusiasm of those who do play.

The activities of the club are hampered to a very great extent by the impossibility of raising enough people (players are not essential) to run practice games. In consequence of this, the three-quarter line has not any chance, outside of actual matches, of practising combination. This has been reflected in the matches. In almost every instance the forwards have compared favourably with the opposing pack, but the back division has shown a lack of cohesion, traceable to the cause mentioned above.

In the matter of support, the team has not done too well at the hands of present students. During one game we had as outside spectators the occupants of four motor-cars, the entire staff of a traction engine complete with trailer, the drivers of sundry carts and horse-drawn vehicles, together with some thirty casual pedestrians. Inside the ground were a valiant knot of some half-dozen old Coll. students, and four of those who grace the Common Rooms at this present day!

In spite of these handicaps, however, the team has been able to put up games which, on the whole, were far from being massacres. When the three-quarters settle down we should do really well.

F. C. W.



SOCCER.

Owing to the great increase in the number of players, we have undertaken a more strenuous programme this season. In addition to the Wednesday League, Junior and Travers Cups, and friendly fixtures, we have taken over the Senior League fixtures of South Stoneham House.

Our first match was on October 11th, against Freemantle Adults, in the Wednesday League. Despite the weakness of our team, we won 2-1.

On the following Saturday we met them at Bursledon in the Junior Cup. At the end of the first half we were two all, but in the second half we fell to pieces, and our opponents scored two more goals.

On October 18th we met Southampton Post Office at Channel's Farm, Swaythling. After an even game, we ran out winners by 4-3.

Wednesday Athletics were our opponents on November 1st, but they could only muster eight men. The final score was 8-1. On the following Saturday we played our first Senior League match against Netley Sports (away). The match was lost through our weak finishing, the score being 4-3.

On November 8th we met Woolston, and lost badly by 5-0. This was our first Wednesday League defeat.

Harland and Wolff's visited us on November 11th, and were easily defeated by 4-0. All the goals were secured in the first half.

On November 13th we played the R.A.F. (Flower-down) at home. After a very exciting game we lost 4-1.

Exeter University College visited us on the following Saturday. We won, the score being 5-0. Our team played very well, the forwards combining splendidly. We are now looking forward to our visit to Le Havre on 24th November, and the Channel Islands on 28th December.



NETBALL.

The increase in the number of players this season has given rise to the hope that the College team will meet with much success. Much enthusiasm has been displayed, and it is hoped that this interest will continue.

Our thanks are due to the Principal for permission to use the ground belonging to what was formerly the Residential Club. This renders possible practice games during the week.

On November 11th we played a home match in the first round of the Sussex and Hampshire League against Portsmouth High School. Result:—Win, 17—19.

We also played a friendly match against Portsmouth Training College, at Portsmouth, on October 21st. Result: Loss, 18—16.

D. H. (Sec.)



SOIREES.

Oftimes have I heard the remark, "The realization of the rational social self," but on October 17th I saw its subtle meaning as I watched the gathering of Seniors and Freshers to the "Welcome" Soiree.

What man there did not realise the weight he carried in society as he glided, hopped, or bobbed round the ball-room? What member of the fair sex did not realise how much she leaned on the rest of the community?

Yes! there was a gathering indeed of "Social Selves," rational or irrational.

Make happy the wet days of the Christmas Vac. by planning and making fancy-dress costumes for the first College Soirée in the New Year, and remember the old saying:—"The more, the merrier."

R. W. S.



ENGINEERING NOTES.

During the term the Engineers have lost one of their number, whose resignation was expected to make a vacancy which would be hard to fill.

The departure of Mr. Field—who has always taken more interest in the students than his office necessitated—will be felt by the Engineers and all those whose work brought them in contact with him. In going to Australia, as representative of British manufacturers, Mr. Field has the good wishes of all who knew him.

It is felt that the appointment of Mr. R. C. Moyle—late instructor on H.M.S. "Fisgard," of the Mechanical Training Establishment, Portsmouth—will ensure maintenance of the traditions and efficiency of the Department of Engineering.

A. V.



SCIENCE NOTES.

THE HULL MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION, 1922.

This year, for the first time, the British Association awarded a number of Exhibitions, tenable by students for the period of the Annual Meeting, which was held at Hull in September. The College, following this good example, also awarded an Exhibition, and in this way two students from Southampton were privileged to hear discourses by eminent workers in one or two of the numerous branches of modern scientific research.

The Exhibitions were awarded on an experiment; one hopes, for the sake of future generations of students, that the British Association found the results of their experiment sufficiently encouraging to warrant its further pursuit.

F. B. D.

C. C.



BOTANICAL NOTES.

QUERIES FROM KEW.

A grand rally of the Botanical department took place at Kew Gardens during the summer vacation. Much valuable knowledge was gained by all, but information is lacking on the following important points:—

1.—Who was the "bright girl" who gained the head-keeper's admiration?

2.—Who was so keen on the expedition that he arrived a week late?

3.—At what hour did the faithful few leave the Kew tea rooms every day?

4.—Who was the lecturer who feasted off unfamiliar berries and failed to appear the following morning?

5.—Who made love to the gardeners in the aeroid house?

6.—Were the gardeners suspicious of the contents of the suit cases carried by the energetic trio?

7.—Who went a short cut home on the river?

TWO WHO WENT.



SOUTHAMPTON SOCIETY OF OLD HARTLEYANS.

The success of the Society during the last year must have reached proportions that satisfied even Mr. R. G. Tulley, for our energetic and capable Secretary has now retired, with his laurels thick upon him, and no amount of persuasion, not even backed with the "weight" of Prof. Vickers' influence, could induce him to reconsider his verdict. We are to be congratulated, however, on having secured so capable a successor as Mr. G. A. Cochrane, and we wish him an equally prosperous year of office. At the Annual General Meeting, which was held on Oct. 6th, Principal Vickers was kind enough to take the chair, and was warmly welcomed by Mr. E. Beare on behalf of the Society both as the new Principal of the "Presents" and the new President of the "Pasts." We are very grateful to Prof. Vickers for the ready interest he has shown in the welfare of this Society, and we thank him in anticipation for the support which we are now assured we can count upon receiving from him.

Among other suggestions put forward at the General Meeting is one which we would particularly bring to the notice of all students, Past and Present. A "Correspondence Bureau" is in progress of formation, under the able direction of Mr. R. G. Tulley, the object of which is to get into touch with all old students who have left the town, with the ultimate aim of forming a universal Society of Old Hartleyans. Mr. Tulley would welcome suggestions,

and addresses from present students, many of whom, doubtless, would be glad to hear news of those who have gone down. Present students are reminded, too, that, as potential members of the Society, they are welcome to all its functions at members' rates.

The programme for this session promises to be full and varied. A room at Lowman's Café has been hired for alternate Friday evenings, where Whist Drives, Pow-wows, Debates, etc., will be held. There is to be a Soirée shortly, and a Gilbert and Sullivan Evening early in December. We are looking forward also to holding functions in conjunction with the Present students.

F. TOOGOOD.

TENNIS CLUB, 1922.

The activity of this branch of the S.S.O.H. during its first season is a very good omen for its future prosperity. Our membership totalled 56, of which 29 were old Hartleyans. The latter number will, we hope, be increased when we take over our new courts on the Atherley Ground next year. Our season opened on May 6th and closed on Oct. 7th. Only one match was played, the result, of course, being a victory for the S.S.O.H., but three very enjoyable club tournaments were held. The ground was not all that could be desired, but, socially, the club was a great success.

The existence of the club is entirely due to the great efforts of Mr. R. G. Tulley, and its success to the interest displayed and support given by its members, both old students, and others.

L. S. KINGSTON (Sec.)

GARDEN PARTY AND SWIMMING GALA.

An enjoyable Garden Party was held on July 29th, at which the old Hartleyans entertained the present students to tea in the winter gardens of Highfield Hall, kindly lent by Miss Aubrey. Some 120 were present, and the Rev. Prof. Lyttell, as senior Vice-President, expressed the desire to see all students who were going down become members of the S.S.O.H. Later the party adjourned to the Swimming Baths, where over 200 past and present students were highly amused, especially by the polo matches. It is hoped to make the Swimming Gala an annual event.

S.S.O.H. v. U.C.S. (CRICKET).

The "Past and Present" cricket match took place on the County Cricket Ground on Saturday, 17th June, the Old Students winning a very exciting game by two runs. Batting first, the Old Students put together 139 runs, thanks mainly to the good start made by Richardson (37) and Mew (18). After their dismissal wickets fell fast, until Mellish and Gregory, by careful play, once more got on top of the bowling. The College fielding was exceptionally good, Richardson, Mew, Kitcatt, and Gregory all being out to very smart catches in the slips. After tea the College went into bat, and though Crampton (25) and later Stone (27) batted well, the team were all out for 137. For this we have to thank particularly Kitcatt and Richardson, who, supported throughout by good fielding, bowled very well, while our change bowlers, Mellish and Carroll, also came out with good figures.

T. JAGO.



N. U. S.

Every student in the College is a member of the National Union of Students, which is supported by the majority of Universities and University Colleges of England and Wales. The object is "To undertake the National and International representation of the students of this country, and to promote their co-operation with students abroad." It excludes from discussion all political and religious questions, and does not interfere with the autonomy of the individual University Unions.

Up to the present our College has had very hazy ideas of this National Union, partly due to the fact that the movement is a new one. Owing, however, to the energy of the Assistant Secretary, we have had numerous letters and some literature forwarded us, and so we have been able to cast more light on the subject. It appears that after the war a "Confederation Internationale des Etudiants" was formed on the Continent. This is "A Federation of the general body of students in different countries for conference about matters of Educational and Social Interest, and joint action for the furtherance of their common aims." English students attended these conferences in





an unofficial capacity, for at this time England had no N.U.S. The result was that in February of this year a National Union of Students of Universities and University Colleges was formed. The Union has various activities, the most well-known being the publication of the "National Union News." It also makes provision for students who wish to travel, making the facilities for so doing considerably easier by giving letters of introduction to foreign students, and undertaking to obtain passports. Suitable correspondents in almost any country in Europe can be found for you. (See Student's-Council Notice Board).

A Council Meeting is held once a year, each College being allowed two or more delegates. The next Meeting will be held from November 22nd to November 25th, and Miss Wilson will represent this College.

So don't forget that you belong to the N.U.S., which is part of a much wider-reaching Federation working for lasting peace in Europe. If the students are co-operating to-day, surely there is hope for to-morrow?

D. A.



JAMES COMPTON,

MY HOSIER.	MY HATTER.	MY TAILOR.
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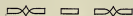
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